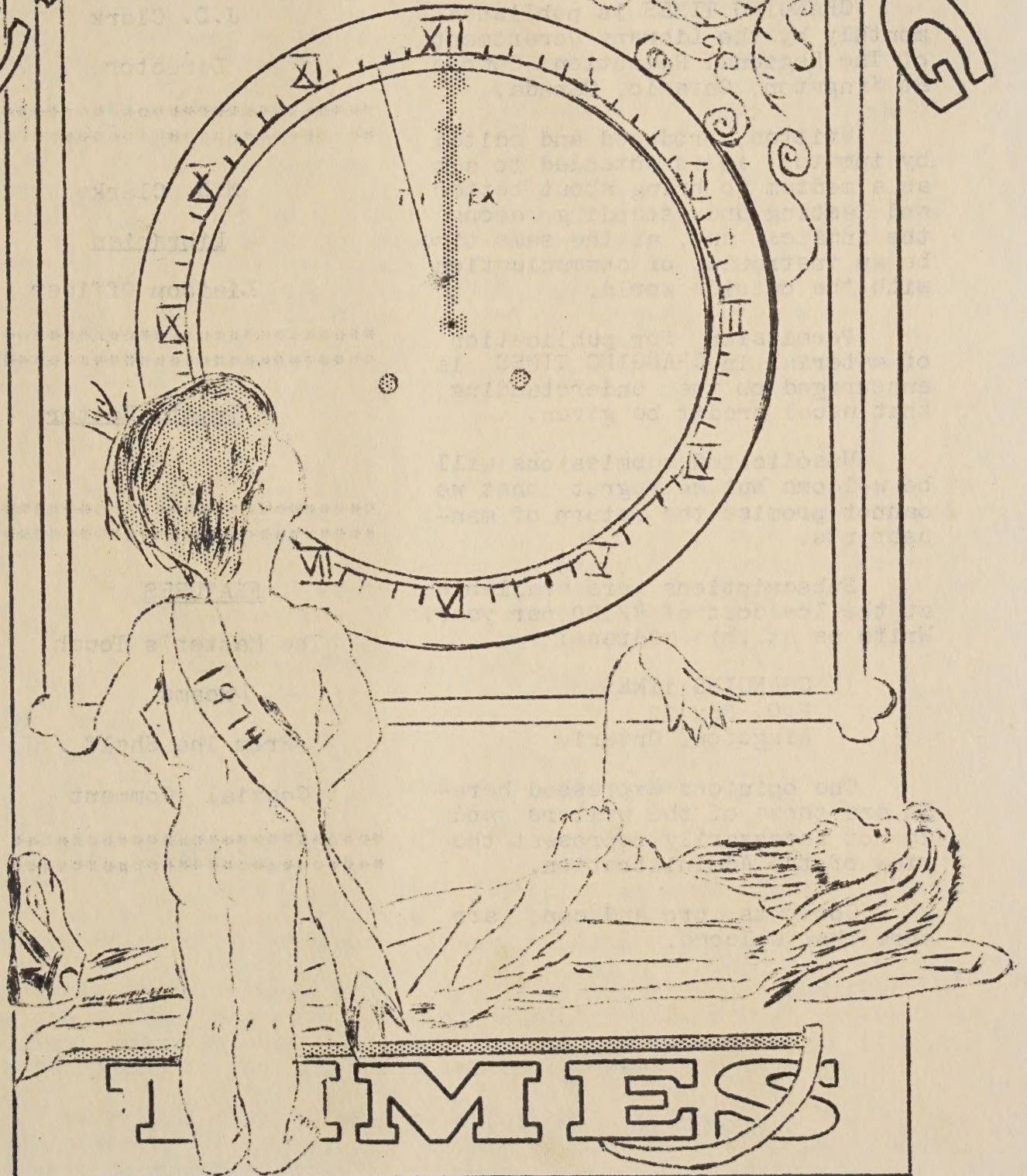


CHANGING TIMES

January 1974

Volume 1 Number 2



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JANUARY 1974

Vol. 1 No. 2

By Permission Of

J.D. Clark

Director

M.R. Clarke

Librarian

Liaison Officer

Inmate Editor

Bob

FEATURES

The Master's Touch

Dreams

From The Shelf

Coaxial Comment

CHANGING TIMES is published monthly by the Library Department of The Regional Reception Centre at Kingston, Ontario, Canada.

Written, produced and edited by inmates, it is intended to act as a medium to bring about better and lasting understanding among the inmates and, at the same time be an instrument of communication with the outside world.

Permission for publication of material in CHANGING TIMES is encouraged on the understanding that usual credit be given.

Unsolicited submissions will be welcome but we regret that we cannot promise the return of manuscripts.

Subscriptions are available at the low cost of \$2.00 per year. Write us at this address:

CHANGING TIMES
P.O. Box 22
Kingston, Ontario

The opinions expressed herein are those of the writers and do not necessarily represent the view of the Administration.

Comments, pro and con, are more than welcome.

EDITORIAL

In order to clear up the mounting confusion regarding the American time change, I have decided to devote this Editorial to a simplified explanation of the effect of the time gap.

To begin with, when the United States adopted Daylight Savings Time, they, in effect, put their clocks ahead one hour. This occurred all across the country. But Canada did not see any reason to take one hour of darkness off one end of the day and put it on the other. That is all except British Columbia. The Premier of British Columbia was all for going on Daylight Savings Time in order to keep the businessmen of his province happy. However, when the rest of Canada decided to remain on Standard Time, British Columbia agreed to delay their decision for a month.

It is not difficult to understand British Columbia's predicament. They are virtually cut off from the rest of Canada by the Rocky Mountains and their natural geographic trade routes are North-South. In addition it takes the sun the better part of an hour to clear the mountains, which means they are in the dark about an hour longer than the rest of us anyway. This will come as no surprise to those who have lived in B.C.!

So, the most important thing for us to remember about the time gap is this. No matter what time zone you live in, the time in the same time zone South of the border will be one hour ahead. For example, when it is four o'clock in Seattle, it will be three o'clock in Vancouver. When it is three o'clock in Toronto, it will be four o'clock in Philadelphia... When it is one o'clock in Halifax, it will be three o'clock in New York. When it is five o'clock in Boston, it will be 2:48 in Newfoundland.

C'est la vie!

SHOW OF SHOES!

Day in and day out, the same comments (some of them slightly on the volatile side) can be heard coming from the equipment room of the Recreational Building.

All these remarks are generated toward the fact that many of us are unable to procure running shoes for use during recreation period, and even when we do get them they are still warm from the previous user. That leaves a lot to be desired.

If for no reason other than personal hygiene, why not issue each newcomer with a pair to retain as his own. The cost? Very minimal by comparison.

1 DREAMS

It was one of those nights I just couldn't relax enough to get to sleep. I rolled and tossed on the hard mattress until my muscles ached. I was on the point of dozing off from exhaustion when the guard tramped down the tier making one of his hourly rounds. I lit another cigarette, lay back and tried to relax all over again.

Just as I was about to drift off into the no-man's land of deep and blissful sleep, I dropped the butt - and the guy in the cell next to me suddenly began to snore. The noise was enough to rouse the dead.



The midnight shift took over with a clatter of keys. Grills and doors were opened and banged shut. Heavy feet grated and scuffed on the limestone walk of the ranges. Someone flushed a toilet. Common to all toilets, it started to drip. Each drip sounded like the tick of a clock. Drip..Drip..Drip..Drip.. The monotonous rhythm was almost hypnotic. I felt myself drifting off....

Suddenly, all hell broke loose as a blood-curdling scream stabbed my ears. It sounded like a fire siren, and a police whistle, and a woman's scream of terror, the roar of a lion and the squeal of a pig all combined. I hope I never hear its like again.

Several men screamed and cursed. Guards came on the run to locate the screamer. One, half asleep man hollered, "Get that #&\$\$ nut out of here!"

The guards located the screamer, but by then the worst part of his fit was over and his screams had dwindled to moans. Unlocking his cell, they took him to the Hospital. I thought to myself, "The judge never said anything about this when he sent me here!"

After what seemed an eternity, I stretched out under my musty and tattered blanket and soon felt myself floating towards.....

I was standing in line in front of the Pearly Gates to Heaven. Saint Peter was talking to one of the men ahead of me.

"And what were you on earth, my good man?", Saint Peter asked.

"I was a criminal lawyer, and a good one too if I may say so."

"Did you plead many cases?"

"Yes. As a matter of fact, a few of them became quite famous."

"Well, just take a seat over there. In a few minutes you will have an opportunity to plead your own case. Next!"

"And what did you do on earth, my friend?" Saint Peter asked.

"I was in charge of an Army supply depot, Sir."

"I see. Did you have horses on the army payroll?"

"Only one, Sir!"

"Oh! Sort of a one-horse outfit you were running, eh?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, take a seat over there for a moment. Next man."

Saint Peter nodded at me in a benign manner. "And what did you do on earth, my good man?"

"I was a convict most of the time," I answered.

"You were, eh? Well, don't get any ideas about this golden key you are staring at. Where you are going, it would probably melt anyway! What in God's name ever gave you the notion that you could get into Heaven? Don't you know this is a place only for people who were good on earth?"

"Yes, I must admit that I did not do much of a job while I was on earth. But I thought maybe I could get a job polishing up those pearls on The Gate or something. I was a good cleaner at K.P. years ago. We had to keep those bars polished all the time. I was the

best bar-polisher the joint ever had!"

Saint Peter's eyes sparkled like stars in a cloudless sky.

"Maybe I can use you at that. Tell you what I'm going to do. If you can give me one good reason why you deserve a chance, I'll let you in."

I sweated blood, trying to think of one good reason. Then it came to mind - just the thing.

"Well, Sir. My Dad wanted to put me through school to become a lawyer, but my conscience wouldn't let me - so I became a thief!"

Saint Peter smiled that all-knowing smile and said, "Come in, son, come in."

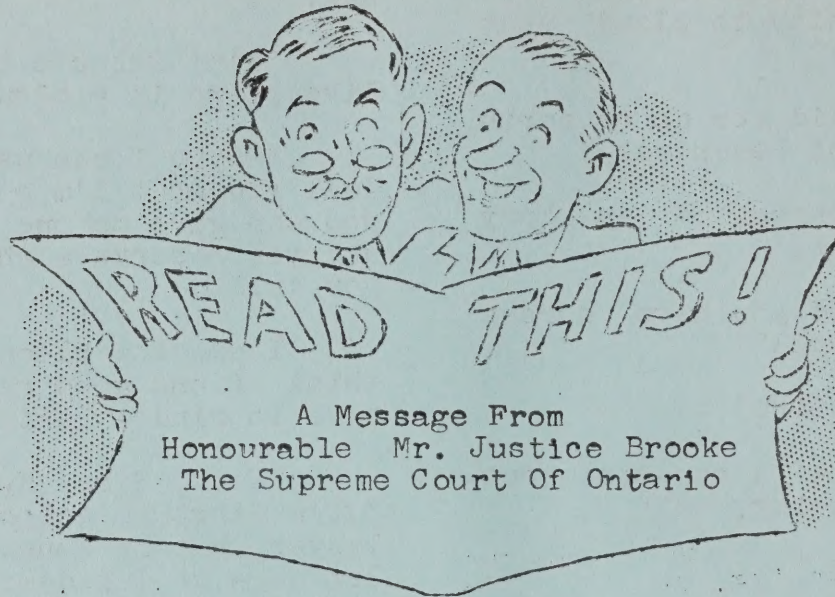
Just as I was about to step through the door, a crash startled me and I sat up in bed. A guard stood at my gate turning the biggest, and loudest, key in my cell door. Daylight streamed through the barred windows behind him.

"When the bell rings, you're to get up. Do you hear? This ain't no country club, regardless of what the newspapers say!"

As I pulled on my clothes, I reached for another cigarette and mumbled, "You're telling me this ain't no country club!..."

Why not send CHANGING TIMES to a friend. If your friend has a split personality, send him two copies!

3



"I would appreciate your assistance in bringing my concern to the men and women in the institutions with regards a brief containing submissions as to "the operation of The Legal Aid Act Of Ontario" as it concerns the inmates of penal institutions in the province."

EDITOR'S NOTE

Mr. Justice Brooke is Chairman of the Advisory Committee responsible for making an annual report to the Attorney General.

The Committee is interested in YOUR opinion on the operation of The Legal Aid Act - whether it be good or bad. Personal experiences are preferred.

Here's your chance! I have heard many remarks about "bum deals" and "shysters taking money under false pretenses". Why not voice your complaints where it will do some good?

Send, or give, your comments to the Librarian or the inmate Editor. They will be forwarded to Justice Brooke - anonymous if so desired.

S P O R T S

Due to the holiday season, sporting activities were practically at a standstill since our previous issue.

Just about the time we are "going to press", a new Floor Hockey schedule will be starting. It will be run along the same lines as before with playoffs to follow in about six weeks time.

Thanks to the unselfish cooperation of our Machine Shop, along with the "scrounging" abilities of certain anonymous individuals, the Gymnasium is now equipped with basketball standards. As soon as they are padded and equipped with counter-balances, it is hoped a program will be instituted.

Along the above thoughts, why can't the possibility of two outside teams coming in to play be looked in to?

The recent four-foot addition to our motion picture screen will allow us to show the ENTIRE picture. It will also facilitate the focusing of the films.

I think it is about time some thought was put into a new floor for our Recreation Building. The present tiled floor has been down for more than 15 years and is beginning to show it!

19th HOLE! Isn't it about time Charles O' Finley bowed to the rigors of senility and get out of the sports game?..... I must admit that the Detroit Red Wings have shown better of late, but do you really think they gave Ted Garvin a fair shake? Not on your earned remission did they!.....Garvin just wasn't a man to change the diapers of people like Dionne and Redmond!..... How's the Tigers going to do under Ralph Houk?.....With all due respect to one of our Staff, do you really think The Canadians are going to win the Stanley Cup this year?.....Is there any doubt in your mind that Ken Dryden will be playing for the Toros next year? And do you really believe he is "working" for that seven thousand this year?.....My Leafs won't win the cup this year either, but they'll have a lot to say about who does!..... Did you see what Miami did to my Vikings? That Czonka is something else!.....Kingston Canadians have nothing to be ashamed of for their first year in Major Junior O.H.A..... Old buddy, Bernie Guindon is making a fair name for himself. Keep punching, fella!.....Can Phil Esposito make it 75 goals this year?

5

FROM THE SHELF

SOME OF THE BETTER READING
FROM OUR LIBRARY

JOHNNY, WE HARDLY KNEW YOU

There is a copy of "Johnny, We Hardly Knew You" floating around the ranges as of this writing. This is a nostalgic look at the rise of one of the brightest political stars of the United States of this century - John Fitzgerald Kennedy. It is written by the men who knew him best, his advisors and friends who followed him from the time of his first political steps in Boston to that TRAGIC day in Dallas when the light of the star was extinguished.

It is now over ten years since Kennedy was shot and in that time we have seen many changes. The highlights include escalation in Vietnam, de-escalation in Vietnam, two more assassinations, three Presidents have died, Nixon's Phase Phizzles, an energy crisis, the Watergate scandal and a Vice-President's resignation.

What has all this got to do with the death of J.F.K.?

The authors of the book make one point throughout. What was killed at Dallas, they say, was not so much the man, but the promise of what could have been.

The actual writing of the book is amateurish and repetitive at times, but all things considered it is a worthwhile book. It takes the reader back to another time and shows him what went on behind the scenes. Whether or not it is an accurate account is hard to determine but it will interest the average reader if only because it deals with one of the most flamboyant Presidents of this era.

(1) WAR OF THE WORLDS... (2) THE TIME MACHINE

For the Sci-Fi buffs in the place; if you haven't read "War Of The Worlds" or "The Time Machine" yet, you're in luck. Both of these H.G.Wells

classics are available, both in paperback on the ranges and hardcover in the Library (W447WA), for your immediate enjoyment.

Although these books were written years ago, they provide a glimpse of an author who many believe to be the grand-daddy of the Science Fiction writers. Some purists believe that he has yet to be surpassed.

Whether or not you agree, I think it is safe to say that "War Of The Worlds" is worth reading if only to see how markedly it differs from the Orson Welles broadcast that disturbed so many people.

THE ODESSA FILE

On the intrigue side of the slate, "The Odessa File" is this month's choice for all us espionage freaks.

The story resolves around a plot to bombard Israel with nuclear and biological bombs. The time: 1967. The conspirators: former German S.S. officers and scientists who have survived the aftermath of the Second World War through a powerful affiliation known as The Odessa.

Their downfall is brought about through the efforts of one German reporter who first learns of the organization by reading the diary of a dead Jew who has committed suicide after realizing that he cannot even the score that he has lived for - to find and bring to trial the Commandant of the concentration camp where he was interned during the war.

There is never a dull moment in this book. I will not reveal any of the plot. Suffice it to say, the book is worth reading and I heartily recommend it.

SERPICO

This is the story of an "honest cop." That's what the book says. More accurately, though, it is an expose of corruption in the New York City Police Department.

It is now a movie with Al. Pacino of "The Godfather" fame cast as the rebel cop who didn't think it was right for the police to take bribes and payoffs.

Is New York a better place to live because of this book? I doubt it. The book's real value, I believe, lies in its entertainment. It cannot claim to have instigated any major police reforms. That was all done before the book was published. But, it is very interesting. Readable too.

7

COAXIAL COMMENT

by Bob

Now that the so-called half way point of the TV season has come and gone, the "also ran" shows are dropping like flies.

I can suggest a couple more that could use a liberal dose of Raid!

The first two installments of SHAFT brought hope that, perhaps, it would be just a little higher on the "class" meter. No such luck. It has now resolved into nothing more than a mundane stereotype of the Mannix and Cannon ilk. Who needs it?

Richard Rountree certainly has the ability to carry off his role - doing the dirty job that the run-of-the-mill "cop shop" cannot handle. The background music of Isaac Hayes leaves little to be desired - but - where does it go from there? It goes nowhere! Predictable plots and equally as predictable solutions is a certain passport to early re-runs and a quick demise.

In one of our first editions (for local consumption only) I said that CHASE would more aptly be titled "The Return Of Mod Squad" and that it would probably suffer an

early cancellation. I was partly right.

It is now being revamped and moved to the TV graveyard (Friday night).

I am not just sure what members of the cast are "getting the axe" but (are you ready?) one of the replacements will be Gary Crosby! Off his "bit" roles seen on Adam 12, this does not seem to be much of an improvement.

There must be a bankroll behind the scenes to keep this bomb on the air!

In retrospect, my next few remarks are just liable to cause a few heart attacks around the CBC establishment. I am actually about to praise one of their productions!

The TV premiere of the Gordon Pinsent vehicle THE ROWDYMAN was a top grade effort and proves that a Canadian-made movie can be just as entertaining and professional as an import. Why doesn't CBC do it more often? That is the question to be answered.

The rugged and beautiful background scenery of Newfoundland made a definite contribution to a well cast and well acted hour and a half.

Gordon Pinsent was a "natural" for the part of Will Cole, a care-free rabble-rouser of less mentality than charm. I don't know if Pinsent is a "Newfie" or not - but he was in this effort.

Linda Gorenson, as his "almost girlfriend" played a strong part and proved that ALL the good looking and talented females do not have to come from South of the border.

Frank Converse, Will's buddy, doomed to tragedy and veteran actor, Will Geer, as the senile old-timer were very strong in supporting roles - BUT - this fact does raise one point.

Why do Canadian productions feel the necessity to always import talent when equally as adept Canadians are passed by? Could it be they feel insecure?

However, they did manage, this time, to come up with a pleasant, as well as pleasing, effect. Let's have more.

RETRACTION

The forgoing brings home the fact that I did no research, prior to writing it.

I am now aware that "The Rowdyman" WAS NOT produced by the CBC at all. In reality the credit belongs to AGINCOURT PRODUCTIONS, even though it was a CBC presentation.

My apology to both parties. I consider myself to be severely chastised. One consolation I do have, however. This is one mistake for which you cannot put me in jail!

COAXIAL CODA : A spinoff of "Gunsmoke" featuring Jeanette Nolan and bearing the unlikely title of DIRTY SALLY will be around for awhile. ...Gunsmoke? One more year. Matt's getting too old to ride that old nag any longer...Glen Strange, the bartender at the Longbranch, has passed away...Milburn Stone, better known as "Doc" has survived some pretty stiff surgery, but is not a well man...Kitty's curves are now settling in the wrong places...Newly has discovered that he cannot perform surgery with a .45 Smith and Wesson - AND - Festus has almost used up his ten-word dialogue. That doesn't leave a great deal to look forward to, does it?

APOLLO

I am indeed grateful to Joe S. for the following submission. Also, my congratulations on his recovery from a recent illness.



Best wishes are in order to Billy D. on his impending release. Take it easy, Dad.

The APOLLO GROUP of A.A. played host to outside guests at the First Medallion Meeting, held in the Officer's Mess on December 15, 1973.

Eddie L. and Bill D. received tokens of friendship and remembrance from the Group. Here's wishing them both the very best and many, many more years of Sobriety.

Director D.J. Clark declared his faith in the A.A. Program, stating that after years of experience he has observed that those who attend meetings, both inside and outside the wall, usually stay out. He also promised total cooperation in the future efforts of the Group and any man trying to help himself.

An ex-inmate, Charlie B., briefly outlined what he used to be like, what happened and what he is like now, declaring that without his A.A. Program he feels sure he would never have been able to stay out and be happy. Again, A.A. WORKS!

APOLLO is happy to have the services of Jim M. as Assistant G.S.R., grateful for the many hours Jim is devoting and thankful for the obvious benefits and progress being shown.

Thanks for your cooperation and understanding.

Joe S. * G.S.R.
APOLLO GROUP



10

A Compilation Of "Disadata" From
The Fertile, But Unworked, Mind Of
A.C. APULCO

I wear "Jockey Shorts". I eat
"The Breakfast Of Champions". I
use "The Official Soap Of The NHL."
SO - How come I look like a bowl-
ing ball with legs?

How long do we have to do a
"back stroke" between the "Wing "
and the Rec. Bldg.? Until some-
one suffers an injury?

I didn't realize that Snow
could be so nice until just the
other day!

Memo To The Kitchen: Mus-
tard is a pungent, yellow powder
of the mustard seed, often pre-
pared and used as a condiment!

Counting these two times I
have written it here, I have seen
it four times in nine months! How
come?

Best wishes for a speedy re-
covery to "Old Joe" follwoing a
bout with major surgery. Hang in
there, Joe, and keep your sawdust
dry.

The rumour mill
is working overtime
these days about those
mailbags. What gives?

I kind of think
I am going to learn a
whole lot more about
Mark Twain!

Special greetings
to the kids at Beth

Tzedec Synagogue. Shalom, friends.

Can you think of anyone with
a more enviable job than the Hos-
pital Clerk? Isn't she cute?



Did you read where Anne and
Mark are furnishing a nursery? I
guess there MUST be something else
in their lives besides horses!

Jack Benny has been one of the
best for years, but he should quit
while he's ahead. His senility is
beginning to show - despite his 39
years!

If you play your cards right,
I'll be back next month, and the
next...and the next...and.....!

M
O
N

TAGE

THE MASTERS TOUCH

'twas battered and scarred and the auctioneer
Thought it scarcely worth his while;
To waste much time on the old violin,
But he held it up with a smile.

"What am I bidden, good folks?" he cried,
"Who'll start the bidding for me?
A dollar, a dollar? Now who'll make it two?
Two dollars! And who'll make it three?"

Three dollars once, three dollars twice,
Going for three!" - But, No!
From the room, far back, a gray haired man
Came forward and picked up the bow.

Then, wiping the dust from the old violin,
And tightening up all of the strings
He played a melody pure and sweet -
As sweet as an angel sings.

The music ceased, and the auctioneer,
With a voice that was quiet and low
Said "What am I bid for the old violin?"
And he held it up with the bow.

"A thousand dollars! Who'll make it two?
Two thousand, and who'll make it three?
Three thousand once, three thousand twice -
And going, and gone," said he.

The people cheered, but some of them said
"We do not quite understand -
What changed its worth?" The man replied:
"The touch of the master's hand!"

And many a person with life out of tune,
And battered and torn with sin,
Is auctioned cheap to a thoughtless crowd,
Much like the old violin.

A mess of pottage, a glass of wine,
A game - and they travel on;
They're going once, and going twice,
They're going - and almost gone!

But The Master comes forth and the foolish
crowd,
Never can quite understand,
The worth of a soul, and the change that is
wrought,
By THE TOUCH OF THE MASTER'S HAND!

PAGE

TO ENHANCE YOUR PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE

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MINI-QUIZ

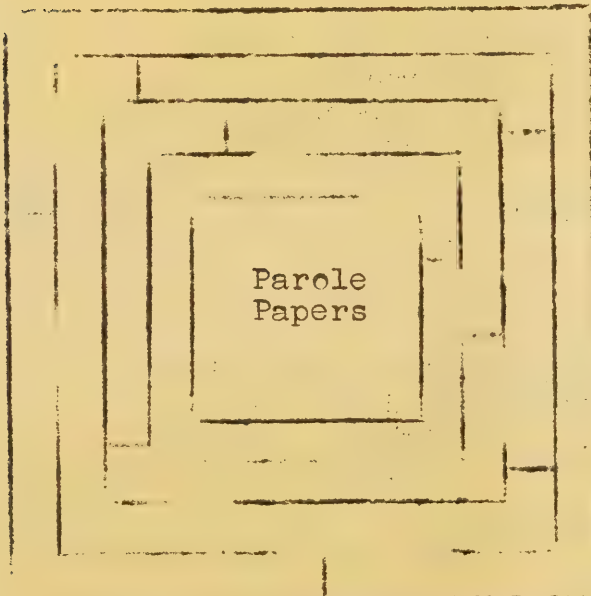
1. Who won World War Two? Who came second?
2. Of what country is "O Canada" the National Anthem?
3. How many Commandments (Approx) was Moses given?
4. What are people who live in the far North called? Westerners? Southerners? Easterners or NORTHERNERS? (Mark one)
5. Where does the rain come from - Supermarkets, Eatons, Simpsons, Bad Boy or THE SKY? (Mark one only)

Z

Z

L

E



Start

This labyrinth, while not having official approval, is recommended as a true guide to ingenuity - and suspense.

When you have solved it, I would suggest you apply for parole immediately!

We regret that we are not able to present our usual "Master Crossword Puzzle" this month.

We had planned on a real stickler with four letter words - but somebody stole our dictionary!

13

ODE TO AN EX CON'S WIFE

The time has passed, I'm home at last,
Hello! My darling wife;
I've paid for sin, now, let's begin,
Another start in life.

I'll never rob, I'll get a job,
You see, I've got a trade;
I'm sure, my dear, the people here,
Will need some mail bags made.

I've got a scheme, my little dream,
To keep me out of jail;
It's simple, see, like one, two, three,
I'm sure it cannot fail.

Depends on you, here's what to do,
Just stick with me, and then -
In every way, both night and day,
Remind me of the "Pen".

Paint the walls, the rooms and halls,
A morbid, dingy gray;
And let a gust of wind and dust,
Blow in here every day.

In winter, sweet, turn off the heat,
And let the darkness in;
If it should be too cold for me,
Walk by my room and grin!

14

Give me a broom to sweep my room;
But, cut the handle through;
Give me a light that's not too bright,
A forty watt will do.

A table here, a wooden chair,
A rag to wash the floor;
Another thing, be sure to string,
An earphone near my door.

Back there in jail, I used a pail,
To shave with, a looking glass;
Give me a blade that someone made,
To use for cutting grass!

And Dear, I hope, you'll give me soap,
That never lathers up;
A brush that's tough, so hard and rough,
A plain metallic cup.

If you and me should watch TV,
I musn't hear a sound;
So, yell, my sweet, and stamp your feet,
Then move your chair around.

We'll go to church, but you must search;
This guy when he comes out;
Be on your toes and search my clothes,
Each time I move about.

Each time I wash, be sure to squash;
My clothes up in a ball;
Then put them in a metal bin,
My shoes, my pants, and all.

Include two socks within the box,
One short and one too long;
Never admit that they didn't fit,
Just sneer and say, "You're wrong."

A cigarette, Oh! thanks, my pet,
But not a tailor-made;
Those years alone, I rolled my own,
On the salary I was paid.

An ash tray, boss, no thanks, I'll toss
My butts upon the rug;
A drinking glass? I'll have to pass,
I'll use a metal mug!

15

When I am ill, give me a pill,
Don't try to understand;
Just send me off to choke and cough,
As long as I can stand.

If I complain about a pain,
Just stare me in the eye;
Say, "Okay, jerk, get back to work,
Your kind will never die!"

For supper make, a rubber steak,
Or serve some leather pork;
Use lots of lard and fry it hard,
Until it bends my fork.

Then heap some suds upon my spuds,
Or bake them, dear, in sand;
Make sure the skin is not too thin,
To break with mortal hand.

Whatever you fix, be sure to mix
The courses all in one;
Carrots and peas, or maybe cheese,
Spill tea upon my bun.

When serving tea, it ought to be
Cold as the Warden's heart;
And make the bread like heavy lead,
That I can't tear apart.

And, when you bake, for goodness sake,
Put raisins in the pies;
But crunch them well so I can't tell,
The currants from the flies.

It's understood that pie is good,
With cole slaw on the top;
My memory brings me many things,
That you can splash on top.

Now don't you set the table, pet,
For I'm not used to that;
Three times a day, give me a tray,
Then, vamoose! Beat it! Scat!

I'd like it fine, if I could dine,
Inside the bathroom, dear
Near sink and bowl (ignore the hole)
I'm used to that, I fear.

16

When I have ate, if it's not too late,
I'll walk around the yard;
But I want you to dress in blue,
Pretend that you're the guard.

Or, better still, if you will,
Watch me walk up and down;
And give me hell, be sure to yell
"Hey, get in line, you clown!"

And when the sun shows day is done,
Don't come to bed with me;
Many a year, upon the tier
I slept alone, you see.

And don't you fret, my little pet,
As you may use the den;
We'll shout and call across the hall,
As I did in the "Pen"!

That mattress is too soft, gee whiz
Get me some other kind;
That's full of lumps and many bumps
That stick in my behind.

The blankets, too, will never do,
They're much too soft and fine;
Get me a pair that horses wear,
And smell like turpentine.

Don't set the clock, and don't you knock
To wake me anymore;
Just use a bell, ring it like hell
Outside my bedroom door.

When I get up, give me a cup
Of coffee, muddy brown;
And make my toast pale as a ghost,
Or black as a judge's gown.

You want me home, no more to roam,
Then heed my little tale;
So I'll recall the months, and all
The years I spent in jail.

Remind me, Dear, all through the year,
In everything I do;
And you can bet, a million, pet,
I'll stay right here with you.

SPORTS

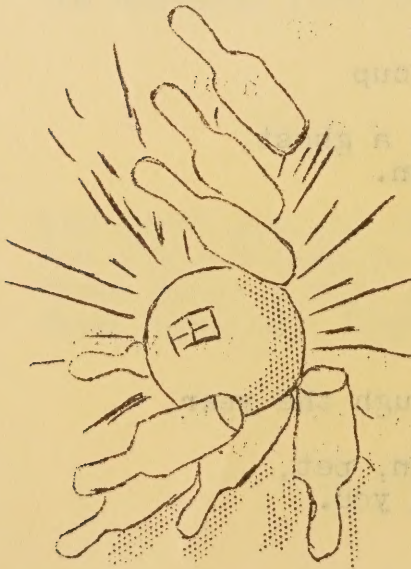
BOXING

1. The "Will O' The Wisp" was, perhaps, the classiest Featherweight of all time. Who was he?
2. One of Joe Louis' toughest foes was a Welsh bartender. Who was he?
3. A former Heavyweight champion was known as "The Ambling Alp". Who was he?
4. "The Livermore Playboy" was the nickname of another Heavyweight Champ. His son, of the same name is a well known TV performer. Who is he?
5. What great Middleweight champion was known as "The Gary Steelworker"?
6. A Mormon Elder held the Middleweight championship for a short time. Who was he?



FOOTBALL

1. "Bummer" Stirling was one of Canada's best, and most accurate punters. For whom did he play?
2. Joe Zaleski earned an "eerie" nickname because of his uncanny ball handling. What was it?
3. What present member of our staff once played for the Ottawa Roughriders?
4. Les Bigaman was the biggest man ever to play in the N.F.L. at 325 lbs. For what team did he play?
5. "Crazy Legs" Hirsch ran wild for the Los Angeles Rams for many seasons. What was his given name?
6. Who was Knute Rockne?



IN MEMORIAM

"INDIAN JACK" JACOBS

He'll Be Missed

EDITORIAL

The "Sold Right Out" sign at a Broadway play or a "Full House" at a sporting event is the dream and pinnacle of success for any producer or promoter. In prisons, however, the exact opposite is true. A full house means total and unequivocal failure.

Do prisons rehabilitate people? Since prisons the country over are brim full of inmates, and with new ones being built, one may well question if prison does indeed make "bad people" into citizens of good repute. It is known, however, that in many cases prisons make criminals. There is little reason to expect a man to come from a prison with any semblance of determination to make good after being kept in prison for so many years that all his hopes have faded, all his dreams of a good life have been shattered and all he has left is deep bitterness.

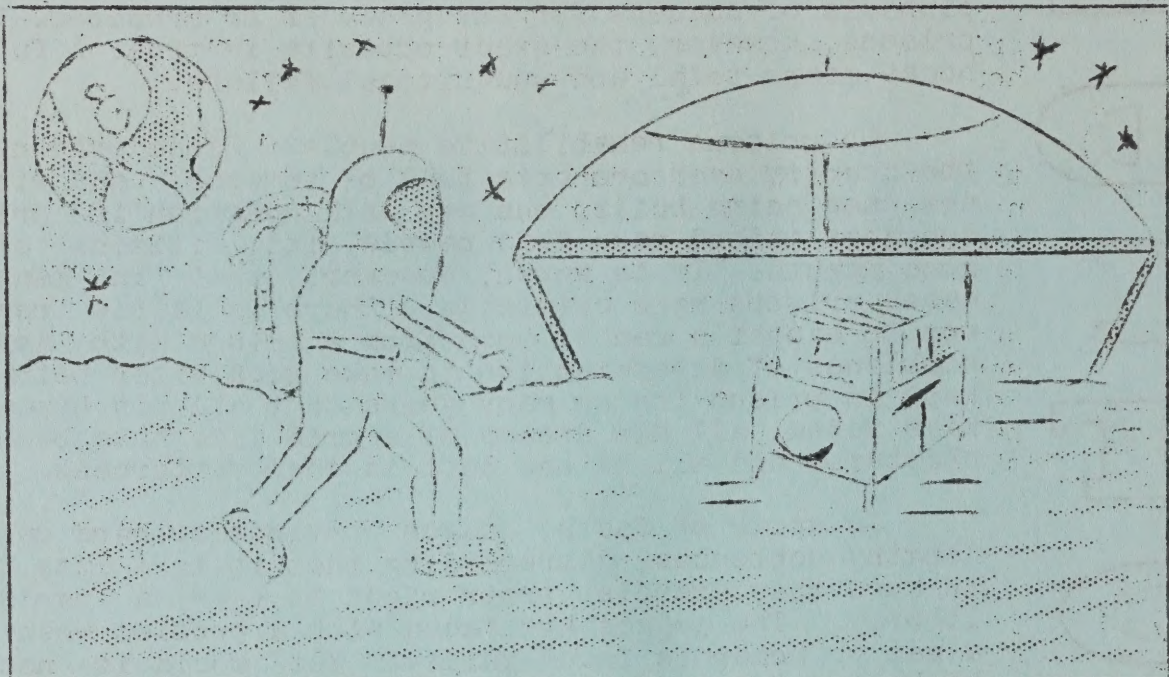
In spite of facts, judges continue to hand out lengthy sentences, disregarding that it is a duty to do more than exercise their right to take a man's liberty. The judges are faced with a problem when a man or woman is found guilty. Yet would it not be better if they would also think, not only of the prima facie fact, but also of the future of the individual involved - in particular his relation to the very society the judges set out to protect?

How much better it would be if, at least in a number of cases, the sentence would impose upon the prisoner the task of restitution of the property he appropriated illegitimately. Thus a great deal of the expense for the maintenance of jails would be saved and people would be punished by being tried publicly and by having to repay whatever damage their actions may have caused.

Criminals come from all walks of life. In most cases, Federal inmates have spent a great deal of their life "graduating" from one prison to another. A study of any number of cases will show that it is in reformatories where criminal associations are made. It is in penitentiaries where minor offenders evolve into so-called "incorrigibles".

Society will one day realize that it needs many answers to wrong doing. Society will realize that its only present day answer, namely, jail, jail and more jail, is a failure.

NOTE: Editorial comment, pro and con, on any given matter will be welcome.



AS SHOWN ABOVE, THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE WHO WILL GO ANYWHERE JUST TO GET A COPY OF "CHANGING TIMES".

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